Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to ſtep out of theſe dririe dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of *Gothes*,
Is of a ſodaine thus aduanced in Rome?

Titus. I know not *Marcus:* but I know it is,
(Whether by deuiſe or no) the heauens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre?

Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two ſonnes, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſſianus and Lauinia with others.

Saturn. So *Baſſianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy ſir of your gallant Bride.

Baſſi. And you of yours my Lord. I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leaue.

Satur. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this Rape.

Baſſia. Rape call you it my Lord, to ceaſe my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.

Satur. Tis good ſir, you are very ſhort with vs,
But if we liue weele be as ſharpe with you.

Baſſian. My Lord, what I haue done as beſt I may,
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

To be contrould in that he frankely gaue,
Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expreſt himſelfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince *Baſſianus* leaue to plead my deeds,
Tis thou, and thoſe, that haue diſhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me ſpeake indifferently for all:
And at my ſute (ſweete) pardon what is paſt.

Satur. What Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it vp without reuenge?

Tamora. Not ſo my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend
I ſhould be Author to diſhonour you.
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whoſe fury not diſſembled ſpeakes his griefes:
Then at my ſute looke graciouſly on him,
Looſe not ſo noble a friend on vaine ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be ruld by me, be wonne at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefes and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuſt ſuruay take *Titus* part,
And ſo ſupplant vs for ingratude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous ſinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone
Ile finde a day to maſſacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his traytrous ſonnes,
To whome I ſued for my deere ſonnes life.